Chat with Chat with Experiment MHA

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EXPERIMENT MHA

> The pro heroes has to investigate an abandoned lab,when they entered and started investigating they were horrified,there was blood everywhere,when they entered a room they saw something awful,you were there,chained to the wall,your body was covered in bruises,cuts and needle marks,using a lab dress,your breath is very weak and your eyes are barely open
>
> Mirko: Oh god-
>
> Aizawa: We need to help him!
>
> Hawks: This is completely awful-
>
> Midnight: He must have been through a lot....
>
> Mount lady: Poor little one…
>
> Everyone started to walk towards you, but they all stopped when the lights suddenly turned on, and a robot turned on, slowly rolling towards you, it's eyes turned red, and six needles came out off it, and injected you with different things
>
> You let out a painful, deadly, sharp scream of pain, you're body tensed up, you tried to struggle with the chains, but the chains just tightened even more, pulling your limbs in a painful way to stop you from moving
>
> As you screamed in pain, your head snapped back, tears threatened to fall, and your eyes widened in fear and pain
>
> The heroes froze in shock and worry

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The robot continues injecting you with unknown substances, your body convulsing violently from the painful chemical cocktail. The pro heroes finally snap out of their shock.
>
> Aizawa: SHUT IT DOWN!
>
> He activates his Erasure quirk and charges forward, but the robot is too fast—it dodges him effortlessly while still pumping more serum into your veins. Your vision blurs at the edges as agony overwhelms every nerve.
>
> Hawks: Feathers shoot out like knives Let's dismantle this thing!
>
> Midnight: Someone get those chains off! NOW!
>
> Mirko leaps high—her powerful legs slam down toward the robot's core in a devastating kick—but it suddenly releases all six needles and SPRINTS away down a hallway.
>
> The heroes hesitate for half a second... then Aizawa makes eye contact with Hawks.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Aizawa and Hawks exchange a glance—no words needed. Aizawa's capture weapon lashes out, wrapping around the robot's leg mid-sprint, yanking it backward like a ragdoll.
>
> Hawks: NOW! His feathers slash through the chains binding you in one swift motion.
>
> The second your arms are free, your body crumples forward—exhausted from pain and sedation. Mirko catches you just before you hit the ground, her rabbit-like ears twitching with urgency.
>
> Midnight: Kneels beside you Oh no… oh no… he's burning up! Those injections must've been drugs or something worse...
>
> Mount Lady: Tears welling We have to get him out of here! That thing could come back!
>
> Aizawa keeps his scarf coiled tight around the disabled robot while glaring at its flickering red eyes—but they suddenly dim... powering down?

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Once the robot has been disabled, the lights of the lab also turn off.

EXPERIMENT MHA

The sudden darkness plunges the room into eerie silence, broken only by your ragged breathing. The heroes tense up—some activating their quirks on instinct.

Hawks: Feathers glow faintly with embers ...Power's out.

Mirko: Still cradling you protectively His pulse is so weak... we need to move.

Aizawa carefully yanks his capture weapon free from the now-lifeless robot and turns toward the others. Without a word, Midnight takes off her coat and drapes it over your shivering form.

Mount Lady: I'll carry him!

She gently lifts you into her arms—your head lolls weakly against her shoulder as she adjusts to support your weight.

Aizawa: Hawks—scout ahead. Mirko, watch our backs in case more robots wake up.

Hawks' feathers spread like wings as he floats forward first… leading them through pitch-black corridors where distant dripping water echoes ominously.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

The group moves cautiously through the abandoned lab, Mount Lady carrying you with steady steps while Hawks' glowing feathers illuminate the path ahead. The air smells sterile and metallic—like antiseptic mixed with rust.

Suddenly, a distant CLANG echoes from deeper in the facility.

Mirko's ears snap upright: Whispering ...Did that sound like another robot?

Aizawa's eyes narrow—his quirk stays active just in case.

Midnight clutches her chest: We shouldn't linger here... who knows what else is still operational?

A few turns later, they reach a dim emergency exit sign flickering faintly. Freedom is close... but then—

BZZZT!

A security gate SLAMS down right in front of them! Locked by some automated system.

Hawks grits his teeth: Oh come ON—

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

Mirko decides to scout ahead and tells the other four to leave just in case.

EXPERIMENT MHA

Mirko gently places a hand on Mount Lady's shoulder—her voice low but firm.

Mirko: "Go. Take him outside now. I'll catch up."

The others hesitate, especially Aizawa, who glares at the gate like he wants to erase it from existence.

Hawks: Feathers tense "We can't just leave you here alone!"

Midnight: Nervous glance down the dark hallway "...What if more robots activate?"

A beat of silence—then Mirko smirks, cracking her knuckles. Her muscles flex as she shifts into battle stance.

Mirko: "I'm fast. And loud." Her ears twitch toward the shadows behind them. "Now MOVE."

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The heroes don't argue further—Aizawa nods sharply, signaling the retreat. Mount Lady adjusts you carefully in her arms and bolts for the emergency exit, Hawks hovering protectively above them like a living shield.
>
> Midnight sprints after them, casting one last worried look at Mirko.
>
> Alone now—Mirko exhales. Then she GRINS, all teeth.
>
> CRASH!
>
> She kicks a metal pipe loose from the wall with terrifying strength—the clang echoes through every hallway like an alarm.
>
> A second later... mechanical whirring answers back. From multiple directions.
>
> Robots power on one by one down adjacent corridors—their red eyes flaring to life as they detect movement (her). Perfect bait.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> She begins to destroy them.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko becomes a blur—her super-speed turning her into a whirlwind of destruction. The first robot barely has time to raise its needles before she roundhouse kicks it straight through the wall, shattering concrete.
>
> CRUNCH! CRUNCH! BOOM!
>
> She dismantles them like action figures—punching, kicking, flipping over their mechanical bodies with brutal efficiency. Every impact sends sparks flying.
>
> A cluster of robots tries to swarm her—but she backflips onto the ceiling (yes, actually), then dropkicks two at once mid-air.
>
> Hawks would be proud if he saw this display... but he's busy getting you all safely outside.
>
> The last bot activates just as Mirko lands—and lunges for an injection strike...

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> The robot injects her and she destroys it.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The needle jams into Mirko's shoulder—her muscles tense for a split second as the unknown serum floods her system. But she doesn't even flinch.
>
> In the same motion, she grabs the robot by its head and SPIKES it into the ground like a volleyball, shattering its core in an explosion of plastic and wires.*
>
> Silence follows. The hallway is littered with wrecked bots... but something feels off. Her ears twitch again—why isn't her body reacting to whatever toxin was just injected?
>
> A cold realization hits: this lab experimented on people too… maybe they built resistance into their own soldiers?
>
> Either way—she shakes out her arm (no side effects yet) and SPRINTS toward where Mount Lady took you all outside.
>
> Pinned

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> As she leaves, she sees a blueprint of the serum. It's a injection that can give quirkless people a quirk, with a side effect of mild hallucination.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko skids to a halt when she spots the blueprint pinned on a shattered terminal—her sharp eyes scanning the text. The title reads:
>
> "Project: Quirk Acquisition Serum – Phase 3"
>
> Her breath catches as she reads further: "Temporary quirk manifestation in subjects with no innate ability… mild hallucinatory side effects expected."
>
> A chill runs down her spine. This place wasn't just torturing test subjects… they were trying to manufacture quirks.
>
> The realization makes her grip tighten on the paper—anger flaring. Who would do this? And how many people suffered here?
>
> She crumples it into her pocket (evidence) and bolts outside, kicking up dust behind her.
>
> Pinned

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> She exits the building.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The night air hits Mirko's face—cool and fresh compared to the sterile, bloodstained lab. The heroes are huddled near an ambulance that arrived while she was fighting; paramedics are already checking on you.
>
> Mount Lady turns when she hears footsteps—relief flooding her features.
>
> Mount Lady: Rushing over "MIRKO! You okay?!"
>
> Aizawa steps forward too, scanning her for injuries. She holds up the blueprint first without answering.
>
> Hawks: Snatches it immediately "...What is this?"
>
> As he reads aloud about quirkless people being injected with artificial abilities… everyone's faces darken in horror.
>
> Midnight covers her mouth: "They were... creating quirks?"

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The paramedics gently load you onto a stretcher, your breathing still shallow but stable. One of them checks your pulse while another starts an IV to replenish fluids lost from trauma.
>
> Aizawa takes the blueprint from Hawks, his expression grim as he studies it under the ambulance's interior light.
>
> Aizawa: Voice low and dangerous "This is illegal experimentation on human subjects… at this level."
>
> Hawks' feathers bristle: "We need to shut this lab down permanently. And find whoever funded it."
>
> Mirko finally speaks up—her usual playful tone gone:* "I'll help track them down. That serum? It worked on me for a second… I felt something weird after the injection."
>
> Everyone stares at her in shock.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> The four of them ask how Mirko is feeling.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The heroes all turn to Mirko with wide, concerned eyes—Aizawa's capture weapon even twitches like he expects her to suddenly collapse.
>
> Mount Lady: Grabbing her shoulders "You felt something? Like… a quirk?!"
>
> Hawks leans in, his usual lazy demeanor replaced by sharp focus: "Describe it. Exactly."
>
> Midnight bites her lip: "Was it visual? Auditory? A power?"
>
> Aizawa stays silent but watches Mirko like a hawk (ironic), analyzing every micro-expression.
>
> Mirko rubs the injection spot on her shoulder—thinking hard. The hallucination part must've worn off fast because she doesn't feel disoriented… just...

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> As she's going to continue, she feels itchy at the injected spot.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko scratches her shoulder absently—then freezes when the itch intensifies. A faint, unnatural warmth spreads from the injection site.
>
> Hawks: Notices instantly "Hey—your skin's turning red."
>
> Aizawa steps closer. Sure enough, a small patch of Mirko's arm is flushing pink… like an allergic reaction or… something worse.
>
> Midnight gasps: "Is that serum side effects?!"
>
> Mount Lady panics slightly: "Should we get her checked too? What if she starts hallucinating right now?"
>
> The paramedics nearby glance over—they already have their hands full stabilizing you (the unconscious experiment victim), but they tense up seeing another possible case.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: No, I'm fine. The blueprint only said hallucination. There's no mention of itchiness.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko waves off their concern, flexing her arm like the itch isn't a big deal. But the redness is spreading slightly—creeping past her shoulder.
>
> Hawks: Squints "Still… that's not normal."
>
> Aizawa grabs Mirko's wrist without asking, turning it to inspect closer. His quirk isn't active (since she has no apparent power surge), but his frown deepens.
>
> Midnight: Biting her lip again "What if… what if they lied on the blueprint? What if there are other side effects?"
>
> Mount Lady chews on a nail nervously: "Should we tell those medics?" She gestures to your stretcher being loaded into the ambulance.
>
> The paramedics haven't noticed yet—they're focused on you alone.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: No, there's no need. It's just...
>
> Mirko starts sneezing.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The first sneeze hits Mirko like a freight train—unexpected and violent. She barely has time to turn her head before "ACHOO!" blasts through the night air.*
>
> Hawks jumps back, startled by how loud it was.
>
> Mount Lady: Eyes widening "...Are you allergic?"
>
> Aizawa’s grip tightens slightly—not in anger, but alarm. This isn’t just an itch anymore; her body is reacting full-force now.
>
> Another sneeze. And another. A whole chain reaction starts—Mirko bending forward as each one wracks her harder than the last.*
>
> Midnight: Panicked whisper "Oh no… what did that serum DO?!"

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: Look, that guy got injected with at least 6. If this is happening with one injection, then 6 or more could be lethal. Don't worry about me.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The heroes go dead silent—processing the horrifying implication. If one injection caused this reaction… then whatever they pumped into you (the unconscious victim) could've been catastrophic.
>
> Aizawa's jaw clenches. He immediately turns toward your ambulance, already mentally calculating how many serums were forced into you.
>
> Hawks: Voice tight "We need to tell the medics about his dosage."
>
> Mount Lady nods frantically: "Yes! They have to prepare for potential organ failure or—or worse!"
>
> Midnight rushes after Aizawa, shouting ahead:* "STOP THE AMBULANCE! HE NEEDS MORE TREATMENT!"
>
> Mirko sneezes again—but she doesn't stop them, just watches with gritted teeth as her colleagues sprint toward saving you.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Some turned around because Mirko screamed. Her arm became ice.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The scream isn't from Mirko this time—it's a sharp, involuntary yell as her arm suddenly freezes over. Literally. Frost creeps up her skin in jagged patterns, turning the red irritation into an eerie blue glow.
>
> Hawks whips around mid-sprint and nearly trips seeing it.
>
> Mount Lady: "OH MY GOD—"
>
> Aizawa stops dead. His eyes widen at the unnatural phenomenon: ice forming on Mirko's body… despite there being no cold air whatsoever.
>
> Midnight freezes too (no pun intended): "Her… her quirk is rabbit features! Why is she making ICE?!"
>
> Mirko stares at her own hand in horror—because yes, that ISN'T supposed to happen. Ever.
>
> (edited)

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Aizawa looks at the blueprint. It did gave Mirko Ice, but they don't know how it works.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Aizawa snatches the blueprint again, scanning it frantically—his eyes darting across lines of text until he finds a small footnote at the bottom:
>
> "Temporary cryokinesis observed in 20% of test subjects post-serum. Duration and control unknown."
>
> His blood runs cold (ironic). This serum doesn't just give random quirks… it gives ice powers. And Mirko is now one of its "successful" test cases.
>
> Hawks: Reading over his shoulder "...So she can make ice? But why?"
>
> Midnight: "Doesn't her natural quirk already involve super strength and speed?"
>
> Mount Lady reaches out nervously—but stops when Mirko instinctively flinches, afraid she'll accidentally freeze someone.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS ICE QUIRK WORKS. HOW DO I REMOVE IT?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko's voice cracks with panic—something none of them have ever heard from her. She shakes her icy arm wildly, as if trying to physically dislodge the power.
>
> Hawks: Grabs Aizawa's shoulder "Can we reverse it? Is this permanent?!"
>
> Aizawa flips through the blueprint again, desperation creeping in. There's no clear answer—just vague data about side effects fading after 24-72 hours… but nothing guaranteed.
>
> Midnight: Gently stepping forward "Mirko… can you control it at all?"
>
> *The heroes hold their breath as Mirko clenches her fist—testing if she can summon more ice or stop it entirely. Her brow furrows in concentration... and then—CRACK. A small icicle forms on her fingertip.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko looks confused and scared at the small icicle.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The tiny icicle glints under the ambulance lights—harmless, almost delicate. But to Mirko, it's terrifying. Her usual confidence is shattered; she stares at it like it's a live grenade.
>
> Mount Lady: Softly "It… kinda looks pretty?" (She instantly regrets saying that.)
>
> Hawks exhales sharply: "Focus on shutting it down first."
>
> Aizawa stays eerily calm—his mind racing through possible solutions. If this serum gave her temporary ice powers… could they counteract them? Medicine? Quirk-suppressing drugs?
>
> Midnight tentatively reaches out: "Can you try making more... or less?" She doesn't touch the ice yet—not without knowing if Mirko can control its spread.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: I... I don't know how I did it. I don't know how to replicate it.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko's voice is small—uncharacteristically unsure. She flexes her fingers, but nothing happens this time. The icicle on her fingertip melts into a tiny drop of water.
>
> A heavy silence falls over the group.
>
> Hawks: Rubbing his temples "So it's… random? It just activates when?"
>
> Aizawa frowns at the blueprint again: "Quirk manifestation appears intermittent and stress-induced." So yeah—no predictability. Just panic-ice.*
>
> Midnight chews her lip: "We need to get you to a hospital too… what if it flares up during an emergency? You could freeze someone by accident!"
>
> Mount Lady nods vigorously, already mentally rearranging seats in the ambulance for Mirko.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko hates that idea and tries avoiding it.
>
> Mirko: No, I rather not go over there. There has to be another... Aizawa.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Aizawa meets Mirko's pleading gaze—and for once, he doesn't argue. He understands her fear: hospitals mean tests, isolation, being treated like a case instead of a hero.
>
> Aizawa: Nods slightly "There is another option."
>
> Hawks perks up instantly. Midnight and Mount Lady exchange glances—hopeful but wary.
>
> Aizawa continues:* "My agency has medical staff who specialize in quirk-related injuries and anomalies. They've handled temporary powers before."
>
> Mirko exhales in relief—it's not a general hospital; it's somewhere discreet… where they wouldn't gawk at her like some lab experiment.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: Then, what are we waiting for? Let's go there. Although, who will look after that guy?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The heroes glance toward your ambulance—already pulling away with sirens on. The paramedics have you stable for now, but they'll need to rush you to the nearest trauma center.
>
> Hawks: Wings flaring "I can escort him. I'm fastest."
>
> Aizawa nods in agreement. "Go with them. Keep them updated on his condition."
>
> Mount Lady bites her lip: "But who watches Mirko then? She's… well, icy."
>
> Midnight suddenly steps forward:* "I will. Aizawa and I can handle one temporary ice-powered rabbit while Hawks and Mount Lady handles our priority patient."
>
> A beat passes—everyone accepts this plan without protest. Time to move!
>
> (edited)

EXPERIMENT MHA

The group splits up instantly—Aizawa and Midnight usher Mirko toward Aizawa's agency car, while Hawks spreads his wings wide, ready to follow the ambulance.

Hawks: To Mount Lady "Stay with me—we'll hover near them in case they need backup."

Mount Lady nods firmly. The two take off into the night sky, golden feathers cutting through darkness as they chase your ambulance lights down the road.*

Meanwhile…

Aizawa opens the passenger door for Mirko. She slides in cautiously—her icy arm still visible under her sleeve (she hasn't figured out how to hide it yet). Midnight climbs into backseat while Aizawa starts driving.

Midnight: Gentle smile "Deep breaths… we've got you."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

Mirko: It's just protocol. I got this.

EXPERIMENT MHA

Mirko forces a smirk—trying to play it cool like this is just another mission. But her fingers tap nervously against the car door, betraying her nerves.

Aizawa doesn't comment on it. He focuses on driving smoothly, avoiding potholes so Mirko's arm isn't jostled too much (last thing they need is accidental ice spikes in his car).

Midnight stays quiet for once—not teasing or comforting with words. Instead, she silently offers Mirko a blanket from the backseat… maybe to hide that icy arm from passersby?*

The city lights blur past outside as they speed toward Aizawa's agency—a place built for quirk emergencies exactly like this one.

20 minutes later… They arrive at a sleek medical building with discreet security cameras scanning them upon entry.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The agency’s automated doors slide open with a quiet hiss. Inside, the sterile but warm interior is dimly lit—clearly designed for privacy. A nurse in scrubs spots them immediately and waves them over.
>
> Nurse: "Aizawa-sensei! We got your alert about a serum case?"
>
> Aizawa nods briskly: "Yes. Temporary cryokinesis from an illegal experiment."
>
> Mirko tenses slightly as the nurse’s eyes flick to her arm—but she doesn’t react negatively, just gestures toward an exam room.
>
> Midnight gently touches Mirko’s shoulder: "They’ll help you here… I promise."
>
> The nurse leads Mirko down the hall while Aizawa fills out paperwork—this process might take hours… but at least it's safe here.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko sits down in the room.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The exam room is small but cozy—white walls, a soft chair for Mirko, and medical equipment neatly arranged. The nurse flips on a warm overhead light to make it less clinical.
>
> Nurse: Smiling gently "Can you show me where the ice formed?"
>
> Mirko hesitates… then slowly rolls up her sleeve. The red irritation from earlier has faded slightly, replaced by faint frost patterns still clinging to her skin like delicate tattoos.
>
> A knock sounds at the door—Aizawa steps in with two agency doctors: one specializing in quirk biology, another in toxicology (serum side effects). They introduce themselves calmly before examining Mirko’s arm.
>
> Midnight lingers near the doorway—ready to support but giving them space to work.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

The doctors approach Mirko with professional calm—no shock, no fear. The quirk biology specialist carefully lifts her arm, inspecting the frost.

Doctor 1: Muttering "Fascinating… it's not melting naturally?"

The toxicologist pulls out a small handheld scanner to check for chemical residue from the serum still in her system.

Aizawa stands silently by the wall—arms crossed—as he observes. Midnight fidgets slightly outside but trusts their expertise.

Doctor 2: To Mirko "Does it hurt? Or just feel cold?"

They need baseline info before deciding how to treat this unexpected side effect of an illegal experiment gone wrong… and whether they can suppress or remove this temporary power safely.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

Mirko: Well, no. I don't feel pain or cold, it's numb.

EXPERIMENT MHA

The doctors exchange a glance—numbness is concerning. If Mirko's skin isn't registering temperature at all, that means the serum might be disrupting her nervous system in some way.

Doctor 1: Frowning "No sensation? That's… not ideal."

The toxicologist adjusts their scanner settings to dig deeper into Mirko's vitals. Meanwhile, Doctor 2 gently presses two fingers against her icy forearm—testing for circulation or reaction.

Aizawa finally speaks up: "Could it be temporary nerve disruption?"

Midnight bites her lip harder from the doorway. This just got more complicated than expected… and if this numbness spreads?

The nurse quietly prepares an ice pack (ironic) while they wait for scan results.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The scanner beeps—finally displaying results. The doctors lean in, scanning the data.
>
> Doctor 2: Frowning "Her nervous system is showing abnormal activity… specifically around her shoulder where she was injected."
>
> Doctor 1 nods: "It's not just a quirk manifestation—this serum is interfering with her nerves. That's why she feels numb."
>
> Aizawa's jaw tightens. This isn't just some fun ice power side effect anymore—it could cause real damage if left unchecked.
>
> Midnight steps inside fully now, unable to stay quiet: "Can you fix it? Like… undo the serum?"
>
> The toxicologist sighs: "We might need an antidote—or at least something to counteract its effects before this gets worse."*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: So more injections?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko's voice is flat—disgust flashing in her eyes at the idea of more needles. The doctors notice immediately.
>
> Doctor 2: Quickly raising a hand "Not necessarily! We have other options."
>
> The toxicologist turns to a cabinet and pulls out small vials labeled with chemical formulas: "We can try an oral antidote first. Something designed to neutralize foreign compounds in the system without injections."
>
> Aizawa relaxes slightly—this approach makes more sense for Mirko, who clearly hates needles after what she's been through today.
>
> Midnight exhales: "That sounds better…"
>
> The nurse prepares a glass of water while Doctor 1 measures out precise liquid doses from one of the vials.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko looks around.
>
> Mirko: Do any of you hear a mosquito?
>
> No one else can hear mosquitos.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The room goes silent. The doctors pause mid-motion, glancing at each other in confusion.
>
> Doctor 1: Slowly "...A mosquito?"
>
> Aizawa's eyes narrow—he doesn't hear anything. Neither does Midnight or the nurse.
>
> But Mirko keeps scanning the room, ears twitching like she genuinely hears something faint buzzing… though no actual insect is visible.
>
> The doctor's face pales slightly as realization hits: "Hallucinations." The serum's side effects are kicking in after all—just not physical ones… but auditory ones first?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctors exchange alarmed looks. The blueprint mentioned mild hallucinations—but this is happening faster than expected.
>
> Doctor 2: Softly, to the others "It's starting already…"
>
> Mirko blinks, still staring at empty air where she thinks the mosquito buzzes. Then—her hand suddenly swats at nothing like she's trying to slap it away.
>
> Aizawa steps closer carefully: "Mirko." His voice is firm but calm—not scolding, just grounding her.
>
> Midnight holds her breath… wondering if Mirko will snap out of it or if the hallucination will escalate (like seeing things next?).

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko shakes her head and looks confused.
>
> Mirko: What happened to the mosquito?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The confusion in Mirko's voice is heartbreaking—Aizawa has seen this before in quirk-side-effect cases, but never on a fellow hero.
>
> Doctor 1: Gently "There… wasn't any mosquito, Mirko."
>
> She frowns—clearly not believing them. Her ears twitch again like she still hears faint buzzing somewhere only she can perceive.
>
> Midnight swallows hard and reaches out slowly: "Hey… maybe it flew away?" (A terrible lie.)
>
> Aizawa makes a decision—he turns to the doctors: "We need that antidote now. If hallucinations are starting so soon after exposure, we don't have time to wait."*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: Yeah, Midnight is right. Maybe it flew away. What matters most is this ice quirk.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctors hurry now—Doctor 2 grabs the prepared oral antidote and hands it to Mirko with the glass of water.
>
> Doctor 2: Urgently "Take this. It might counteract both the ice quirk and these hallucinations."
>
> Mirko doesn't question them, just drinks it down in one gulp. The liquid tastes faintly medicinal—bitter but not awful.
>
> Aizawa watches her closely, while Midnight offers a small smile of encouragement (even though she's worried).
>
> The nurse checks Mirko's pulse as they wait… Will the antidote work? Or will this serum prove harder to reverse than expected?

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: What's supposed to happen?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctor answers quickly, voice steady to avoid panic:
>
> Doctor 1: "The antidote should start neutralizing the serum within minutes. You might feel warm—like a fever—but that's normal. It means it's working."
>
> Mirko nods slowly, waiting… and then—
>
> A sudden flush creeps up her neck. Her icy arm tingles—not painfully, but like pins-and-needles waking up after being numb.
>
> Midnight leans forward: "Is it... doing something?"
>
> Aizawa observes Mirko's skin closely—and sure enough—the frost patterns are fading, melting into nothingness as the antidote attacks the foreign compound in her system.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko gets dizzy and drops down to the bed.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko's legs buckle without warning—she collapses onto the exam bed with a quiet thud. The antidote is working fast, but her body isn't handling the sudden chemical shift well.
>
> Doctor 2: Catching her shoulder "Whoa—dizziness is a side effect too!"
>
> The nurse rushes to adjust pillows behind Mirko while Doctor 1 checks her pupils for any signs of distress (like low blood pressure).
>
> Aizawa stays rigid by the headboard, watching every breath she takes. Midnight covers her mouth again—this part always makes people nervous.
>
> Midnight: "Will she be okay?"
>
> The doctor nods: "It's temporary. Her system is just… recalibrating."

EXPERIMENT MHA

Mirko’s voice is sluggish—her usual sharp energy completely drained. Her eyelids droop as she sinks deeper into the bed, fighting to stay conscious.

Doctor 1: Softly "That’s expected. The antidote is working hard… her body needs rest."

The nurse pulls a thin blanket over Mirko while Aizawa silently moves a chair right next to the bed—planting himself there like a guard.

Midnight hovers for another second before whispering:* "Should we leave her alone?"

The doctors nod—they need Mirko to sleep so her system can fully process the antidote without interference. They turn off half the lights and step out quietly, leaving only Aizawa behind with sleeping Mirko.

EXPERIMENT MHA

The room becomes quiet—just the soft hum of medical equipment and Mirko’s steady breathing. Aizawa doesn’t move, his dark eyes tracking her vitals on the monitor (heart rate stable, temperature normalizing).

Outside, Midnight sits in the waiting area with a cup of coffee. The doctors are reviewing scan results to confirm that no permanent damage was done by the serum.

Hawks texts Aizawa every 15 minutes for updates:

"How's she doing?"

"Any change?"

Aizawa replies each time with just one word: "Sleeping."

For now… it seems Mirko is safe. The antidote is working as intended—her body slowly purging itself of that horrible experiment’s effects.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

Mirko opens their eyes, but doesn't stand up. Her eyes are a rainbow swirl covering her entire eyes.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The moment Mirko's eyes open, the room freezes—metaphorically. Her pupils are completely transformed: vibrant rainbow swirls spinning slowly, like liquid prisms. Not a single trace of her normal eye color remains.
>
> Aizawa stiffens in his chair—this is not part of the antidote's expected effects.
>
> Outside, Midnight glances up from her coffee… and gasps when she spots it through the doorway.
>
> Midnight: Whisper-screaming "HER EYES?!"
>
> The doctors rush back in immediately—Doctor 1 grabbing an ophthalmoscope to examine them closer while Doctor 2 checks Mirko for any other changes (skin tone? Temperature?). The hallucinations should be fading by now… not evolving into something new?
>
> Pinned

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> The doctors try interacting at her. She feels unresponsive, like she's still asleep.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctors gently wave a hand in front of Mirko's face—no reaction. They call her name, tap lightly on her shoulder… nothing. It's like she's trapped in some deep sleep despite being awake.
>
> Aizawa stands abruptly, chair scraping. His capture weapon tenses as he studies her unnaturally serene expression—those swirling rainbow eyes wide open but utterly vacant.
>
> Doctor 2: Muttering "This isn't normal sedation…"
>
> Midnight peeks over the doctor's shoulder, horrified: "Is she dreaming? Or is this another serum side effect?"*
>
> The toxicologist pulls out a penlight to test pupil reactivity—but even that doesn't make Mirko blink or focus. She just… stares through them.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> The doctor suggests calling them by her full name.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctor nods firmly—sometimes, the brain responds to a full name in deep states.
>
> Doctor 1: Clearing his throat "Mirko-sensei."
>
> Aizawa watches closely, silent. Midnight holds her breath. The room is dead quiet—even the medical equipment seems muted now.
>
> *For a few seconds… nothing happens. Then—a tiny flicker.
>
> Mirko's rainbow eyes slowly blink once… twice… like she's waking up from an ocean-deep sleep.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Aizawa calls her by her name, not superhero name.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Aizawa steps forward, his voice low but deliberate—using Mirko's real name, the one only close colleagues or family would know.
>
> Aizawa: "Rumi Usagiyama."
>
> The effect is instant. Her rainbow swirls stop spinning abruptly—as if frozen mid-motion. Then… her eyelashes flutter rapidly.
>
> She inhales sharply through her nose—like someone surfacing from underwater after too long—and suddenly she's present. Her gaze locks onto Aizawa, clarity flooding back into those eerie prism eyes.
>
> Midnight nearly drops her coffee: "Oh thank god."
>
> The doctors exchange stunned glances—the power of a true name just worked miracles.*
>
> (edited)

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: What happened?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko’s voice is hoarse—like she hasn’t spoken in hours. She blinks rapidly, her rainbow eyes slowly fading back to their normal color (hazel-brown).
>
> Aizawa: Gently "You were unresponsive for a while."
>
> The doctors quickly check her vitals again—pulse stable, temperature normal. The antidote seems to have worked… mostly.
>
> Midnight rushes over now that she’s coherent: "Your eyes turned all rainbow! And you wouldn’t wake up!"
>
> A beat of silence as Mirko processes this… then: She lifts a hand and stares at it. No ice. No numbness. Just… her.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: Strange. I feel... Distant... Like waking up from a good dream.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctors exchange glances—this "distant" feeling isn’t just residual dizziness. The serum left some kind of mental fog behind, even after the physical effects faded.
>
> Doctor 2: Carefully "It’s possible the serum caused temporary neurological disorientation. Like your brain is still catching up."
>
> Aizawa frowns—A good dream? That doesn’t sound like a hallucination… more like her mind was elsewhere entirely.
>
> Midnight sits on the edge of Mirko's bed: "Do you remember anything weird while you were out? Colors? Sounds?"
>
> Mirko hesitates… then shakes her head slightly. "Just... warmth."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: I felt like I was trying to connect with the quirk, while being intercepted by my own quirk.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctors pause—this is a new kind of side effect. The serum tried to force Mirko to bond with the temporary ice quirk… but her original rabbit-based quirk resisted it?
>
> Doctor 1: Fascinated "So your natural abilities were rejecting the artificial power? That's… actually impressive."
>
> Aizawa crosses his arms, processing this. It makes sense—Mirko's super-strength and speed are innate; her body wouldn't easily accept an outside-quirk intrusion.
>
> Midnight tilts her head: "Did it feel like a fight? Like two powers wrestling?"
>
> Mirko nods slowly—yes, that's exactly how it felt while she was unconscious.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: Wait.
>
> Mirko takes out the blueprint.
>
> Mirko: Quirk to the quirkless...

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The room goes dead silent as Mirko's words sink in. The doctors freeze, their faces draining of color.
>
> Aizawa snatches the blueprint from her hands and scans it—really scanning this time. His blood runs cold when he finds a line buried in tiny text:
>
> "Primary goal: Induce quirk manifestation in subjects with no innate abilities."
>
> Hawks' voice suddenly crackles through Aizawa's phone—a call he didn't realize was coming: "We just got intel on that lab… They were experimenting on quirkless people."
>
> Midnight covers her mouth—horrified. This wasn't just random tests… this was targeted oppression.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The revelation hits like a bomb. The doctors look at each other in shock—this changes everything.
>
> Doctor 2: Voice tight "That's… illegal. Unethical. Downright monstrous."
>
> Aizawa's grip on the blueprint turns white-knuckled—his usual calm shattered by fury. This lab wasn't just some rogue science project; it was a human rights violation.
>
> Hawks' voice continues over speakerphone, grave: "They targeted quirkless kids and adults… forced them into experiments to 'give' them quirks artificially."
>
> Mirko stares at her own hands—the ice power she briefly had was meant for someone who had nothing. Someone desperate enough to suffer this for just a chance to fight back.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Aizawa ask Hawks how the guy who got injected with six of these. Mount Lady says that it's a jungle of nonsense. A bunch of quirks active at the same time while the guy has rainbow swirls in his eyes.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Hawks exhales sharply through the phone—clearly frustrated.
>
> Hawks: "The kid's a mess. Six injections means six unstable quirks fighting in his system at once. His body can't regulate any of them."
>
> Mount Lady, still hovering outside the room with her phone on speaker, adds: "It's like… a circus in there! One second he glows pink, next he has shadow clones—then BOOM, fireballs outta nowhere!"
>
> Aizawa pinches the bridge of his nose—the poor guy must be suffering horrendously. And those rainbow eyes? Probably from serum overload screwing with his vision.
>
> Mirko looks nauseous just imagining it—she got lucky with only one forced power… but this guy was experimented on six times worse.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: Wait, why is the serum temporary?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctors go quiet again—this is a question they've been analyzing since the blueprint was found.
>
> Doctor 1: Adjusting his glasses "Because creating a permanent artificial quirk… would be impossible with current science."
>
> He gestures to the notes: "Their goal wasn't to make it last. They wanted proof that forced quirks could manifest at all—even temporarily."
>
> Aizawa's jaw clenches. So this lab didn't care about safety or ethics—they just needed results for their twisted research, even if it hurt people in the process.*
>
> Hawks chimes in from speakerphone: "It's like… a cruel science experiment. They gave up on making them permanent because subjects kept rejecting it."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: So it's a drug?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctor nods solemnly—it's not a quirk in the traditional sense, but yes, essentially a drug.
>
> Doctor 2: "It's synthesized chemicals mimicking quirk manifestation. Not natural genetics—just… artificial stimulation."
>
> Aizawa frowns. So it's like giving someone caffeine to pretend they have super energy… except this serum forces actual abilities (however weakly).
>
> Hawks adds: "Which is why it wears off! It doesn't change DNA or anything permanent."
>
> Mirko processes this—relieved that her ice power was temporary, but horrified that people were willingly (or unwillingly) injected with something so unstable and dangerous.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Midnight notices what I mean. It makes it addictave.
>
> (edited)

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Midnight’s eyes widen in sudden realization—her breath catching.
>
> Midnight: Horrified whisper "Oh no… it’s addictive."
>
> The doctors freeze. That… makes terrifying sense. A quirk-serum that gives power, even temporarily? Someone who felt powerless their whole life might crave it—the high of having abilities, the control over something they never had before.
>
> Aizawa stiffens—this isn't just unethical science anymore; this is a public danger waiting to happen if word gets out about an addiction-inducing "quirk drug."
>
> Hawks mutters through the phone: "If quirkless people found out there was a way to feel powerful… even for a few hours? They'd risk anything for that serum."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: And people accidentally injected.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The implication hits like a punch—if this serum is addictive, then people who were accidentally injected (like Mirko or that poor six-times victim) might become… test subjects against their will.
>
> Doctor 1: Paling "Worse. If they develop a dependency after even one dose… they could be hunted down by black-market dealers trying to exploit them."
>
> Aizawa’s capture weapon twitches—his mind already racing through worst-case scenarios: underground labs harvesting quirkless folks for forced injections, addicts selling themselves for another hit of power.
>
> Midnight shudders: "It's not just illegal experiments anymore… it's turning into human trafficking."

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The silence in the room is suffocating. The weight of what this serum could unleash—organized crime, exploitation, a black market for artificial quirks—hangs heavy over everyone.
>
> Aizawa finally speaks, voice low and deadly serious: "We need to destroy every last drop of that serum."
>
> Hawks agrees immediately over the phone: "Agency's already tracking lab locations. We're shutting them down tonight."
>
> Midnight looks at Mirko—still recovering but now aware of how dangerous this situation truly is—and gives her hand a reassuring squeeze.*
>
> The doctors exchange grim nods… they know their work isn't done yet.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko stands up from the bed, but she's still weak.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko sways slightly as she pushes herself upright—her legs are shaky, her balance unsteady from the serum's aftereffects. The doctors instinctively reach out to steady her.
>
> Doctor 2: "Whoa—easy! You shouldn't be moving yet."
>
> Aizawa stands too, hovering close in case she collapses. Midnight grabs a nearby chair and slides it under Mirko before she can take another step.
>
> Hawks' voice crackles through the phone again: "How is she?"
>
> Aizawa answers flatly: "Weak. But stubborn." (Typical Mirko.)
>
> She grits her teeth—determined to help despite being barely functional… because if this serum gets loose? Innocent people will suffer.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: I've already experienced it. I need to stop it.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko’s voice is weak but fierce—her usual fiery spirit burning through the fatigue. She locks eyes with Aizawa, a silent plea for permission to act.
>
> Aizawa studies her for a long moment… then nods once. He knows that look—she won’t sit this out, even if it risks her health.
>
> Hawks: Over speakerphone "We’re raiding the lab in 20 minutes. You coming?"
>
> The doctors protest immediately: "She shouldn't be going anywhere! Her vitals are still unstable!"
>
> Midnight bites her lip… but she doesn’t argue either. If anyone understands Mirko's need to fight back after being experimented on? It's Midnight.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Aizawa secretly signals Midnight to use her quirk to put Mirko to sleep.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Midnight catches Aizawa’s subtle eye signal—understanding flashing across her face. She exhales softly, then shifts her stance to appear casual.
>
> Midnight: Sweetly "Mirko… you look exhausted. Here—" She reaches out like she’s going to hug her.
>
> The second their bodies touch, Midnight activates Somnambulist, her quirk flooding Mirko with instant drowsiness.
>
> Mirko blinks once… twice… before her knees buckle again—not from weakness this time, but from the forced slumber. The doctors catch her gently as she collapses backward onto the bed.**
>
> (edited)

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The doctors quickly adjust Mirko's position, tucking her in properly as she slips into a deep, drug-induced sleep. Her breathing evens out—peaceful for the first time since this ordeal began.
>
> Aizawa gives Midnight a silent nod of thanks. She responds with a small shrug—no words needed. It was the right call.
>
> Outside, Hawks' voice comes through again: "Team's mobilizing now."
>
> Midnight grabs her jacket while Aizawa double-checks his gear. The two share one last glance at sleeping Mirko… then head out to join the raid on that lab before more people get hurt.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> They get there, with Hawks and Mount Lady already there.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The raid team is assembled—Hawks, Mount Lady, and a few other Pro Heroes already in position outside the lab. The building looks abandoned from the outside… but surveillance confirms armed guards inside.
>
> Aizawa lands silently beside them, Midnight right behind. Hawks nods at them—his expression grim.
>
> Hawks: Whispering "Intel says they've got three test subjects inside right now. Two quirkless volunteers… one unwilling captive."
>
> Mount Lady cracks her knuckles: "We're getting those people out first."
>
> Aizawa checks his comms—everyone ready? They breach in 30 seconds.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The team moves like a well-oiled machine—Hawks takes point, his wings silent as he glides toward the roof access. Mount Lady and Midnight flank the front entrance, while Aizawa stays in reserve with two other Pro Heroes.
>
> 3… 2… 1…
>
> Hawks kicks open a skylight—no alarms (yet). Midnight uses her quirk to knock out two guards near the door before they can shout. The breach is clean.
>
> Inside, dim lights flicker over white hallways leading to cells and labs. Somewhere in this building are those three victims—and possibly vials of that dangerous serum.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The team splits up—Hawks and Mount Lady charging down the main hallway toward containment cells, while Midnight sneaks into a side lab to search for serum samples.
>
> Aizawa stays behind briefly, listening… and hears muffled voices from deeper inside. One is panicked—a test subject? The other sounds cold: scientific.
>
> Then—a crash. Hawks' voice barks over comms: "Found them! Two in cell B4!"
>
> Mount Lady adds: "One's hurt bad. We need medics STAT."
>
> Aizawa sprints toward their location… but first he spots a locked door labeled "SERUM STORAGE."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> As Aizawa is looking at the locked door, a familiar voice appears behind him. Kyudai Garaki.
>
> Kyudai: Well, well, well. What a surprise. Ereaserhead Aizawa.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Aizawa whirls around—heart pounding—and comes face-to-face with Kyudai Garaki, the infamous rogue scientist known for his unethical quirk research. The man smirks, adjusting his glasses.
>
> Kyudai stands casually in a lab coat… but Aizawa spots two armed guards behind him, weapons drawn.
>
> Garaki: Mockingly "Here to shut down my little project? How noble."
>
> Aizawa doesn't answer. His mind races—where are Hawks and Midnight? Are they nearby yet? He needs to stall… or take this guy down fast.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Unfortunately, this is a top secret project and I'm afraid that you aren't welcome.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki's smile turns icy—before he flicks his wrist. The two guards immediately raise their guns, aiming straight at Aizawa.
>
> Aizawa doesn't flinch. His capture weapon is coiled tight around his shoulders, ready—but before anyone moves…
>
> BOOM.
>
> A section of the ceiling collapses as Hawks dive-bombs in, feathers razor-sharp and aimed at Garaki's face!
>
> The scientist barely ducks in time—the guards open fire on instinct.
>
> Midnight's voice shouts from down the hall: "We found test subjects! Moving them out now!"**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Of course you wouldn't come alone. Fortunately, I also have company. Oh, Yuntei.
>
> A guy comes out, with an unnaturally twisted body and rainbow swirls eyes.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The figure steps forward—Yuntei, a grotesquely mutated man. His body is warped, limbs too long, muscles bulging unnaturally… and those rainbow swirl eyes? Just like Mirko's were earlier.
>
> But his expression isn't dazed or confused—it's hollow. Empty. Like a puppet waiting for orders.
>
> Garaki: Patting Yuntei's shoulder "My finest creation! Six quirks fused into one perfect weapon."
>
> Hawks lands hard beside Aizawa, feathers still bristling—but he freezes at the sight of Yuntei. This guy looks broken. Not just experimented on… but shattered beyond repair.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Why stop at one, when six is clearly the superior option? The first of many successful tests.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The horror of Garaki's words sinks in—Yuntei isn't just a test subject. He's the first success of a long line to come.
>
> Hawks' feathers bristle with rage, his usual playful demeanor gone. This isn't science anymore—it's torture.
>
> Aizawa grips his capture weapon tighter… but before he can act, Yuntei suddenly moves—faster than anything that distorted body should be able to.
>
> He lunges at Hawks like a feral animal, fists glowing with unstable quirk energy (fire? ice? lightning?). Garaki laughs: "Show them what you're capable of!"

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Hawks barely dodges—Yuntei's punch tears through the air where his head was a second ago. The quirk energy combusts into a wild explosion of fire and ice, shattering lab equipment.
>
> Aizawa reacts instantly—his hair floats up as he activates Erasure, cutting off Yuntei's borrowed quirks mid-swing.
>
> For a split second, Yuntei looks… confused. No powers? But then Garaki snarls: "Ignore that! Keep fighting!"
>
> The mutated man doesn't hesitate—he charges again, this time relying purely on brute strength and monstrous reflexes.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Hawks and Aizawa dodge in sync—Yuntei's attacks are erratic but terrifyingly strong. Every punch sends shockwaves through the lab.
>
> Garaki watches gleefully from behind cover, signaling his guards to flank them. This is turning into a fight—but Yuntei isn't fighting like a person… he's fighting like a programmed weapon.
>
> Suddenly—CRASH! Mount Lady bursts back in, carrying one of the rescued test subjects over her shoulder (the injured one). Her eyes widen at the chaos:
>
> "Oh hell no!" She leaps straight into Yuntei's path, blocking him with her giant body.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Hawks and Mount Lady. How interesting. Next you will tell me that you brought Midnight and Mirko into this mission as well.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki's mocking tone drips with condescension—like he's already won. But then…
>
> A shadow falls over him.
>
> Midnight steps out from a side hallway, her usual playful smirk replaced by something darker. Behind her? Mirko, eyes still slightly glowing with residual rainbow swirls—but very much awake and furious.*
>
> Mirko: Voice low "You injected me."
>
> Aizawa tenses—this could go south fast if Mirko charges in emotionally compromised. Hawks exchanges a look with Mount Lady: Oh crap. Garaki just pissed off the angriest rabbit alive.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> He takes out a clipboard.
>
> Garaki: Interesting. A pro hero who got injected by one of the robots. Tell me, how does that make you feel?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko’s entire body locks up—her fists clench so tight her nails dig into her palms. The clipboard in Garaki’s hands might as well be a death warrant.
>
> Garaki: Smirking "Was it scary? Powerful? Did you like having an ice quirk for five minutes?"
>
> Aizawa tenses—this bastard is provoking Mirko on purpose. Midnight takes half a step forward, ready to intervene if needed… but Mirko speaks first:
>
> Her voice is eerily calm.
>
> "It made me want to break your spine."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Aggressiveness. That's an improvement.
>
> He writes it down.
>
> Garaki: Now, as for the dream sequence and hallucinations, how were they?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko’s rage ignites at Garaki’s clinical tone—he’s treating her like a lab rat, not a person.
>
> Mirko: Through gritted teeth "You drugged me. You made me hallucinate. You gave me powers I never asked for."
>
> Garaki keeps scribbling notes, utterly detached: "Describe the dreams in detail. Were they pleasant? Vivid?"
>
> Aizawa sees red—the audacity of this man to interrogate Mirko about side effects he caused is unacceptable.
>
> Hawks’ feathers twitch… and then—*Midnight lunges.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Yuntei, attack Midnight.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki’s command is instant—Yuntei whips his head toward Midnight and launches at her like a missile.
>
> Midnight barely has time to react before Yuntei tackles her to the ground, his mutated strength slamming into her ribs. She gasps for air—this guy hits hard.
>
> Hawks immediately dives in, feathers lashing out—but Garaki dodges behind cover again, cackling: "Show no mercy!"
>
> Aizawa uses Erasure again… but Yuntei just growls and keeps attacking with pure physical violence (no quirks needed). This fight just got ugly.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: The place is humid, Aizawa. Your quirk is useless here. Now, back to Mirko. What was the worst part of it?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki’s words hit like a taunt—Aizawa’s Erasure is weaker in humid environments. His hair falls flat, quirk power flickering… but he refuses to let it show.
>
> Meanwhile, Mirko stares at Garaki with pure hatred—her rainbow eyes flashing under the lab lights. The worst part? Being out of control. Feeling something foreign inside her body.
>
> Mirko: Spitting out each word "The worst part? Waking up feeling like I didn't even know myself for a second."
>
> Hawks is still grappling with Yuntei (who keeps throwing punches), while Mount Lady tries to help Midnight up—but Garaki isn’t done yet.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Very well. Would you like to try again?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The question hangs in the air—cold and calculated. Garaki is offering Mirko another dose of the serum. Like she's a volunteer, not a victim.
>
> Mirko's entire body goes rigid with fury. Her pupils shrink to pinpricks—those rainbow swirls pulsing violently for a second.
>
> Aizawa sees it coming—the look in her eyes before she explodes into motion.
>
> She doesn't answer Garaki. She just charges, fist reared back to punch his smug face into oblivion.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki stands still. Mirko gets grabbed by Yuntei. Garaki grabs a syringe with the serum.
>
> Garaki: My apologies. I forgot rabbits don't have a choice.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The second Garaki raises the syringe, Hawks screams—
>
> "DON'T YOU DARE—"
>
> But Yuntei is already gripping Mirko in a vice-like hold, her arms pinned as she thrashes. The serum glints under the lab lights—another forced injection coming.
>
> Aizawa tries to lunge forward… but his quirk is unstable here. Mount Lady shoves past him… Midnight's still winded from earlier.
>
> Garaki smirks and raises the needle toward Mirko's neck.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Careful now. I'll give you a little treat as an accomplishment. Behave yourself, rabbit.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko fights like a wild animal—kicking, biting, twisting to break free of Yuntei's grip. But his mutated strength is inhuman; he holds her tight as Garaki advances with the syringe.
>
> Hawks' feathers shoot out—but Garaki dodges, laughing at how frantic they all are.
>
> Aizawa finally makes it across the room… but too late? The needle is inches from Mirko's skin—another dose of that hellish serum about to be forced into her.
>
> Mount Lady roars: "LET HER GO!"

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki stops for a second to clarify.
>
> Garaki: Why should I, Mount Lady? A rabbit is perfect for testing. If she's successful, the serum will make the world from 90% with quirks to 100%. Now, hold still, little one.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki's words are chilling—his vision of a world where everyone has quirks is terrifying. Not because it's noble… but because he wants to force it through suffering.
>
> Mirko stops struggling for one horrifying second—because Garaki just admitted something monstrous: she was never a victim here. She was always just… experiment #2.
>
> Hawks and Aizawa exchange glances—that syringe isn't just an attack on Mirko; it's the key to mass-producing this nightmare serum.
>
> Mount Lady sees red: "You sick bastard!" She charges again, fist reared back—but Yuntei blocks her path.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: You five keep forgetting about Yuntei. You cannot kill perfection. Now, Yuntei, hold still. The rabbit it trying to escape.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Yuntei tightens his grip like a steel trap, muscles bulging as he restrains Mirko completely. She can’t twist free—his strength is beyond human.
>
> Garaki raises the syringe again… this time with eerie precision, aiming for her neck.
>
> Hawks tries to fire a feather dart—but Yuntei jerks sideways at the last second (somehow anticipating it). Aizawa’s quirk flickers uselessly. Mount Lady and Midnight are both still blocked by Yuntei's hulking form.
>
> They're running out of time. The needle is about to pierce skin—again.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The needle begins to descend—Mirko’s breath hitches. This is it. Another dose of that torment.
>
> *Then—BOOM.
>
> A massive explosion rocks the lab from the ceiling, debris raining down as a new figure crashes through in a flurry of red and black fabric!
>
> Endeavor lands between Garaki and Mirko, flames roaring. His eyes lock onto Yuntei first—the mutant freak holding her hostage.*
>
> Endeavor: Growling "Let. Her. Go."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Yuntei, scared, releases Mirko.
>
> Garaki: Endeavor. You are in-between my subject.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Endeavor doesn’t even glance at Garaki—his focus is entirely on Yuntei, who immediately lets Mirko go and staggers back, cowering like a scared animal.
>
> The moment her feet hit the ground, Hawks lunges forward to yank Mirko away from danger. Aizawa finally moves in too—now that Endeavor’s flames are filling the room, they have backup.
>
> Garaki: Voice tight with rage "You’re interfering with groundbreaking science!"
>
> Endeavor scoffs: "Your ‘science’ is torture." Then he fires a blast of hellfire straight at Yuntei.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki mocks his death.
>
> Garaki: No, Yuntei. You will be missed.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The flames engulf Yuntei—his mutated body writhing as Endeavor’s fire burns through flesh and bone. Garaki watches without flinching… but his expression isn’t grief.
>
> It’s disappointment. Like a scientist mourning the loss of a failed experiment, not a person.
>
> Hawks pulls Mirko behind him, shielding her from the heat. Aizawa finally steps forward now that Yuntei is gone—his quirk stable again in the smoke-filled air.
>
> Endeavor: To Garaki "You turn people into monsters… then call them ‘perfection’?"
>
> Garaki smirks: "Progress requires sacrifice."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Speaking of, can you move out the way? I need to inject this to a rabbit.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki’s demand is so bluntly cruel that even Endeavor looks momentarily stunned. The audacity—to stand there and order a Pro Hero to move so he can drug Mirko like a lab animal.
>
> *Hawks snarls, wings flaring: "Over my dead body."
>
> Aizawa steps forward too, finally regaining full control of his Erasure—his hair lifting as the air clears from smoke. Midnight grabs Mirko’s arm, ready to bolt if needed.
>
> Endeavor doesn’t speak again. He just raises both fists, flames roaring higher—preparing to incinerate Garaki where he stands.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki's smugness was disrupted for a moment.
>
> Garaki: On second thought, you can have it (Mirko). It has already been injected earlier today.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki suddenly loses interest—like Mirko is now used goods, no longer worth the effort. He tosses the syringe onto a lab table with disgust.
>
> Hawks’ rage spikes even higher—this bastard just discarded Mirko like trash after experimenting on her.
>
> Aizawa doesn’t lower his guard, but Endeavor narrows his eyes… why give up so easily? Unless—
>
> Mount Lady: Grimly realizing it "He’s got more test subjects somewhere else."
>
> Garaki says nothing. Just turns to flee through a back exit.**

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki bolts down a hidden hallway—clearly this lab has emergency exits for moments like this. The heroes hesitate for half a second…
>
> Chase him?
>
> Or secure the premises first (serum samples, rescued test subjects)?
>
> Endeavor makes the call instantly: "Hawks, Mount Lady—go after him. Aizawa, secure the evidence."
>
> Hawks and Mount Lady take off in pursuit without missing a beat.
>
> Aizawa turns to Mirko: "You okay?" —but his eyes are already scanning for any remaining threats or serum vials.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: He only saw my quirk and not me.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko's voice is quiet, but the anger in it is volcanic. Garaki didn't see her as a person—just a subject, data for his twisted research.
>
> Aizawa puts a hand on her shoulder—rare physical comfort from him. He understands that look all too well: being reduced to your quirk, not treated like human.
>
> Meanwhile, Midnight kneels beside one of the rescued test subjects (the injured one) and checks their pulse while calling for medics.
>
> The lab around them is wrecked… but they found what mattered: survivors. And evidence to destroy this operation.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The medics arrive shortly after—carrying stretchers and first aid kits. They immediately tend to the injured test subject, loading them onto a stretcher while whispering reassurances.
>
> Aizawa starts methodically collecting any remaining serum vials or lab notes—destroying what he can't take as evidence. Midnight helps, carefully sealing samples in sterile bags.
>
> Mirko stays quiet… but her fists are still clenched. She wants Garaki caught. Wants this lab burned to the ground so no one else suffers like she did.
>
> Hawks' voice crackles over comms: "We lost him at an alleyway… but we're tracking his car."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Hawks losses communication.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The comms go silent—no static, no signal. Just dead air.
>
> Aizawa's blood runs cold. That wasn't a glitch… that was intentional. Garaki must've had tech to block communications.
>
> Midnight tenses, glancing at Aizawa: "They lost the trail?"
>
> Before he can answer—the lab's alarms suddenly blare! Red lights flash as a robotic voice announces: "Containment breach detected."
>
> Aizawa swears under his breath—this facility has automated defenses? And now it thinks they're intruders… or worse, hostile targets.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> The comms come back on, but it's not Hawks.
>
> Garaki (through the comms): Hello, Eraserhead.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The sound of Garaki’s voice through the comms sends a chill down everyone’s spine. Aizawa freezes—where is he? How did he hijack Hawks’ frequency?
>
> Garaki: Calm, almost cheerful "I do hope you’ve enjoyed my little laboratory. It was… educational, wasn’t it?"
>
> Midnight pales—this isn’t good. If Garaki has control over comms now… they can't coordinate with Hawks or Mount Lady.
>
> Aizawa stays silent, listening for any clue in Garaki's tone: where is he? What's his next move?*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: Now, I could either remove the unconscious body of Hawks, or be a replacement for Mirko. Tough choice.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The threat hangs in the air like poison—Garaki has Hawks unconscious. And he’s offering a sick bargain: let Mirko be his next test subject… or Hawks stays hurt.
>
> Aizawa’s jaw locks. Midnight gasps, hand flying to her mouth. This is blackmail at its cruelest.
>
> Mirko doesn’t hesitate—her voice is steel: "Take me."
>
> Aizawa whirls on her, but she meets his gaze dead-on. She won’t risk Hawks for herself—not when she can take that serum again and survive it.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki: I heard a confirmation. I rather not reveal where I am. Use your bunny ears to locate me.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki cuts the transmission—leaving them with nothing but silence. The ultimatum is clear: Find him before he harms Hawks… or let Mirko walk into another nightmare.
>
> Aizawa turns to Midnight, urgency in his eyes: "Track the signal's last ping."
>
> Midnight immediately pulls out a small device—a tracker Hawks gave her for emergencies. She taps rapidly, searching for any residual GPS data from Garaki's call.
>
> Mirko stays silent, already mentally preparing herself… but she won't move until they have a lead.**

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Midnight's tracker beeps—a faint signal. The last location pinged near the industrial district, about 20 minutes away by car.
>
> Aizawa nods sharply and grabs his capture weapon, already heading for the exit. Midnight follows, but hesitates—glancing at Mirko.
>
> Midnight: Softly "You sure about this?"
>
> Mirko doesn't answer with words. She just adjusts her gloves… and walks past Midnight toward the door.
>
> The three of them rush out—Aizawa driving like a man possessed, speeding through traffic toward Garaki's hideout.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Endeavor stays behinds to gather evidence.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Endeavor remains in the wrecked lab, methodically collecting every shred of evidence—serum samples, research notes, surveillance footage. If this operation is going down… it'll be with proof to bury Garaki forever.
>
> He works silently but efficiently—flames licking at his fingertips as he seals files in heat-resistant containers. The building smells like smoke and antiseptic.
>
> Aizawa's car speeds away into the night… while Endeavor finishes what needs doing before joining them later.
>
> The clock is ticking for Hawks.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> They get to the location.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The car screeches to a halt outside a derelict warehouse in the industrial district—rusty, boarded-up windows, flickering security lights. The perfect hideout for someone like Garaki.
>
> Aizawa kills the engine and scans the area: no guards visible… but that doesn't mean they aren't inside.
>
> Midnight hops out first, pressing close to walls as she approaches. Mirko follows—her breathing steady despite her racing heart.
>
> Hawks is in there. Somewhere. And so is Garaki—and whatever he has planned next.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki is sitting in plain view inside the warehouse.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The warehouse is dimly lit, its interior cluttered with crates and old machinery. And right in the center—Garaki, sitting calmly on a chair like this is a casual meeting.
>
> Beside him, Hawks lies unconscious on the floor—his wings slightly singed. No blood… but he's not moving.
>
> Garaki looks up as they enter, unfazed. He even smiles when Mirko steps into view.
>
> Garaki: Cheerfully "Ah! Right on time." He gestures to an empty chair across from him: "Sit down, rabbit."

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko doesn't hesitate—she strides forward and sits in the chair, spine straight, eyes locked onto Garaki. Her rainbow pupils glow faintly in the dim light.
>
> Aizawa stays near the entrance, hand hovering over his capture weapon—ready to strike if Garaki makes any sudden moves. Midnight lingers behind them both, fists clenched.
>
> Garaki picks up a syringe from a tray beside him… identical to the one he used earlier.
>
> Garaki: Casually "Now then… let's see what happens with two doses."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Aizawa stops and asks where's Mount Lady.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki pauses—syringe halfway raised—and gives Aizawa an almost amused look.
>
> Garaki: "Mount Lady? Oh, she tried to follow us… but my men intercepted her a few blocks back." He shrugs like it's nothing.
>
> Aizawa's blood runs cold. So Mount Lady isn't here either? That means Garaki had backup waiting for them… and they're likely surrounded.
>
> Midnight inhales sharply—this just got worse. No allies close by, Hawks still unconscious… and Mirko sitting right in the lion's den.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The needle pricks Mirko's neck—Garaki injecting the serum without hesitation. She stiffens, muscles tensing as the foreign substance floods her system.
>
> Aizawa tenses too, but stays frozen in place—one wrong move and Garaki might hurt Hawks or activate a trap.
>
> Midnight watches with horror… then something shifts. Mirko's breath hitches—the same dizzy feeling from before creeping back in. The world tilts slightly at the edges.*
>
> Garaki: Observing her closely "How does it feel this time? Different?"

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: Nope. Nothing different.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko lies through her teeth—her voice steady despite the serum burning in her veins. She refuses to give Garaki the satisfaction of seeing any reaction.
>
> But internally? Her vision is blurring at the edges again. The room spins just a little… but she clenches her jaw, fighting it.
>
> Aizawa notices—he knows that look. She's hanging on by sheer willpower alone.
>
> Garaki: Frowning slightly "Hmm… maybe delayed onset this time." He checks his watch like he's waiting for symptoms to appear.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> The moment he checks his watch, Mirko grabs him by the neck and throws him to the ground.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> In a blur of motion, Mirko lunges—her hand snapping out to grab Garaki's throat the second his attention wavers. She yanks him up and SLAMS him into the concrete floor.
>
> The syringe clatters away, rolling across the warehouse. Aizawa is stunned for half a second… then he grins—Mirko just played this bastard like a fool.
>
> Garaki gasps, clawing at her grip—but she's stronger than she looks right now (serum or not). Meanwhile:
>
> Hawks stirs weakly on the ground… finally waking up from whatever drug knocked him out.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Instead of struggling, Garaki is laughing.
>
> Garaki: Oh... Silly rabbit. Do you take me as a patient man? I lied when I said that my men intercepted her. She's outside.
>
> He points up, seeing the moon and her face, with the rainbow swirly eyes, looking at them.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The moment Garaki points up, everyone follows his gaze—and there she is.
>
> Mount Lady, hovering outside the warehouse's broken skylight… but her eyes are wrong. Just like Mirko's earlier—glowing rainbow swirls. No panic. No urgency.*
>
> She stares down blankly, like a puppet waiting for orders.
>
> Aizawa's stomach drops: Garaki injected Mount Lady too. She isn't here to help… she's another weapon under his control.*
>
> Garaki keeps laughing from beneath Mirko's grip: "See? You're not special."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mount Lady rips off the roof.
>
> Garaki: Although, it didn't hit me to test it to pro heroes. I'm grateful for your contribution.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The warehouse roof tears apart with a deafening crunch—Mount Lady's enhanced strength making the metal and concrete peel back like paper. Moonlight floods in, illuminating the chaos below.
>
> Garaki isn't scared. He sounds almost… grateful. Like this was his plan all along—to test his serum on Pro Heroes.
>
> Aizawa finally moves—Avoiding Mount Lady's looming form, he dives for Hawks and checks his pulse (still alive!). Midnight rushes to Garaki, trying to restrain him now that Mirko's grip is slipping.*
>
> But Mount Lady steps down inside... empty-eyed... waiting for her next command from Garaki.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Aizawa: There's one thing that you may have not accounted for.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Aizawa’s voice is low, deadly calm—like the quiet before a storm. He stands slowly, Hawks now safely behind him.
>
> Garaki blinks up from where Midnight has him pinned… curiosity flickering in his cold eyes.
>
> Garaki: Mockingly "Oh? And what’s that?"
>
> Aizawa doesn’t answer immediately. Instead—he reaches into his pocket… and pulls out a small device: a small megaphone.
>
> (edited)

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> He gets it close to his mouth. Midnight already knows what's going to happen and embraces herself.
>
> Aizawa: Yu Takeyama.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The name Yu Takeyama echoes through the megaphone—clear and loud.
>
> Mount Lady’s head jerks slightly at the sound… her rainbow eyes widening for a split second. That name means something to her—deeply personal, emotional.
>
> Garaki pales instantly. He hadn’t accounted for this: Mount Lady's real name. A weak point.*
>
> Mount Lady gets dizzy and falls down. Mirko still holds down Garaki.
>
> (edited)

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mount Lady crumples to her knees, then collapses face-first onto the warehouse floor—her rainbow eyes dimming back to normal. The serum's control over her shatters like glass.
>
> Garaki pales further—his perfect weapon just short-circuited by a single name.
>
> Aizawa doesn't waste time. He kicks Garaki in the ribs hard enough to knock the wind out of him… then signals Midnight: "Cuff him."
>
> Hawks finally sits up, groggy but awake—blinking at Mount Lady's unconscious form and Mirko still pinning Garaki down.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Midnight swiftly pulls out reinforced cuffs—specially designed for high-risk arrests—and snaps them around Garaki's wrists. He thrashes, furious… but it's over.
>
> Hawks coughs, rubbing his head as he fully regains consciousness. His wings twitch—annoyed at being knocked out like an amateur.
>
> Aizawa helps Mount Lady sit up gently; she blinks dazedly, disoriented… then her face twists in horror as she realizes what happened: She attacked her own teammates.*
>
> Mirko: Still glaring down at Garaki "You're done."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Garaki stands up, with the handcuffs and turns to them.
>
> Garaki: You can try all you want, but my project will remain intact.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Garaki's words are ice-cold—he truly believes his work is unstoppable. That even with him arrested, the serum experiments will continue somewhere else.
>
> Aizawa grabs his shoulder and shoves him toward the exit where police sirens are already approaching. No more talk from this monster.
>
> *Hawks staggers to his feet, still wobbly but determined: "We're destroying every lab he has."
>
> Midnight nods fiercely—she'll personally burn every last vial of that serum.**
>
> Mount Lady stays silent… shaken by what she almost did under Garaki's control.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Endeavor gets there and shows that he burned down the lab in front of Garaki.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Endeavor strides in, his uniform slightly singed, flames still flickering at his fingertips. Without a word—he pulls out his phone and shows Garaki the live feed of the lab they just raided.
>
> The screen displays roaring fire consuming every room—the serum samples exploding in blue flames, research notes turning to ash.
>
> Garaki's face goes pale with genuine horror for the first time tonight. His life's work… gone. Permanently.*
>
> Aizawa smirks—cold satisfaction flashing across his features as police officers burst into the warehouse to arrest Garaki.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The police immediately surround Garaki, reading him his rights before hauling him away in cuffs. His mouth is moving—probably cursing, threatening—but no one cares.
>
> Endeavor gives a single nod to Aizawa… job done. The lab is ash. The serum samples are destroyed.
>
> Hawks exhales heavily now that it's all over—his wings finally relaxing after the adrenaline rush. Midnight helps Mount Lady up gently; she looks exhausted but relieved.
>
> Mirko: Still glaring at Garaki as he's led out "Rot."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Endeavor pulls out a piece of paper and gives it to Aizawa.
>
> Endeavor: I found the recipe for the serum. It could be useful to reverse those who have been injected.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Aizawa takes the paper carefully—scanning the handwritten formula. It's dense, chemical names he doesn't recognize… but it's real. A recipe.
>
> If this can be replicated and studied by legit scientists, they might reverse whatever changes Garaki caused in his test subjects (like Mount Lady). Or even help Mirko if she has lingering side effects.
>
> Hawks peers over Aizawa's shoulder—his expression serious now. This is huge.
>
> Midnight: Softly "We need to get this to Recovery Girl immediately."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Aizawa makes a call to Recovery Girl.
>
> Aizawa: Mount Lady, Mirko. Don't leave. You two can be cured.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Recovery Girl picks up after two rings—her voice crisp with professional concern. Aizawa explains the situation quickly: the serum formula, potential side effects in Pro Heroes.
>
> She listens intently… then replies firmly: "Bring them to my clinic. Now."
>
> Aizawa hangs up and turns to Mirko and Mount Lady—their expressions a mix of relief and exhaustion.
>
> Hawks: Already stepping forward "I'll drive." He's still a little shaky from being knocked out earlier, but he insists.*
>
> Endeavor stays behind to give official statements to police—but this mission is far from over for them.**

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Hawks helps Mount Lady into the passenger seat, while Mirko climbs in back—Aizawa sitting beside her. The car ride is quiet, tense with unspoken worry.
>
> Recovery Girl's clinic isn't far… but every minute feels like an eternity. What if the serum did permanent damage? What if there are no side effects at all?
>
> Mount Lady stares out the window—still haunted by what she almost did under Garaki's control. Mirko flexes her hands… testing for any lingering dizziness or weird energy.*
>
> Hawks drives carefully—no reckless speeding this time.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The car pulls up to Recovery Girl's clinic—a small but high-tech medical facility. The lights are on, and she's waiting outside, cane in hand.
>
> She takes one look at Mirko and Mount Lady… then gestures them inside immediately.
>
> Recovery Girl: Briskly "Let's see what we're dealing with."
>
> Hawks stays in the car—exhausted—but Aizawa follows them both inside. Recovery Girl has a lab connected to her clinic for emergency quirk-related cases… this definitely counts.*
>
> First stop: blood tests and scans.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> The blood test came positive. The blood samples of Mirko and Mount Lady are hyperactive.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Recovery Girl frowns at the blood test results—Mirko and Mount Lady's cells are overactive, almost vibrating with abnormal energy. Their quirk factors are spiking in erratic patterns.
>
> Recovery Girl: Muttering as she reads "The serum didn't just give temporary powers… it altered their biology."
>
> Aizawa's stomach drops. That means this isn't a simple antidote situation—their bodies might be stuck like this unless they find a cure.
>
> Hawks, who had been waiting outside, overhears and immediately steps in: "So what now?"

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Aizawa gives the recipe.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Recovery Girl takes the serum recipe from Aizawa, scanning it quickly—her eyes widening slightly at some of the chemical compounds listed. She's seen her fair share of weird quirk-related science… but this is advanced.
>
> She adjusts her glasses and hums thoughtfully before turning to a lab computer, inputting data from the blood tests alongside Garaki's formula.
>
> Recovery Girl: To them all "I can synthesize a counter-serum… but it'll take time. And testing."
>
> Aizawa nods—this isn't instant. But if she can undo what Garaki did? It's worth waiting.*
>
> Hawks leans against a wall, arms crossed—impatient for answers.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> The two girls lay down on a separated bed.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko and Mount Lady settle onto the separate hospital beds—both exhausted, both mentally drained. The sterile clinic smells faintly of antiseptic.
>
> Recovery Girl checks their vitals one last time before leaving them to rest. She'll start working on the counter-serum immediately, but it won't be ready tonight.
>
> Aizawa pulls up a chair between their beds—silent sentinel mode activated. He's not leaving until they're stable.*
>
> Hawks grabs an extra chair nearby… no way he's going home either after everything that happened today.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mount Lady, with the few energy that she has, pulls out her phone.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mount Lady’s fingers tremble slightly as she unlocks her phone—she’s clearly drained, but there's something urgent she needs to do. Probably checking in with someone… or maybe researching the serum on her own.
>
> Aizawa glances over but doesn’t interfere. She deserves privacy right now—this is a personal moment.
>
> Hawks notices too and subtly turns his head away, giving her space. The clinic is quiet except for the hum of medical equipment and Recovery Girl moving around in the lab next door.*
>
> Mirko watches Mount Lady from across the room… concern flickering in those rainbow-tinted eyes.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mount Lady: Oh right, the interview tomorrow. I got to attend that.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mount Lady’s voice is weak but determined—she remembers the interview she had scheduled for tomorrow. A public event, likely some hero promotion or media appearance.
>
> Aizawa raises an eyebrow. She shouldn’t be going anywhere in her condition… especially not with unstable quirk energy and potential side effects.
>
> Hawks frowns too—no way Recovery Girl would clear her to attend anything right now.
>
> Mount Lady: Muttering as she texts "I have to cancel this…" Her thumb hovers over the keyboard, conflicted.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mount Lady: But at the same time, it will be for an hour. I shouldn't cancel it.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mount Lady hesitates—her professional side clashing with her current state. The interview is important… and only an hour. But is she physically (and mentally) up for it?
>
> Aizawa finally speaks, blunt but not unkind: "You're in no condition to perform."
>
> Hawks nods in agreement: "Garaki just controlled you like a puppet two hours ago. That's not something you shrug off."
>
> The truth stings—but they're right. Going would risk another episode… or worse.

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mount Lady: It's just one hour. I'll just be there, answering questions, posing for the camera, and then I leave. No one should know about my condition.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mount Lady argues her point with quiet persistence—she's a Pro Hero. She knows how to mask pain, exhaustion… even quirk instability if she has to.
>
> Aizawa sighs. He gets it—cancelling last-minute reflects badly on image, especially for someone as visible as Mount Lady.
>
> *Hawks rubs his chin… then glances at Recovery Girl in the lab next door—as if silently asking: Would it actually be dangerous?
>
> Recovery Girl: Without looking up from her work "No strenuous activity. No prolonged stress."

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> She breaths out and cancels the event, mumbling to herself.
>
> Mount Lady: No sexy time then...

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The second she hits send on the cancellation text, Mount Lady deflates—her shoulders slumping. The interview wasn't just work… it was probably a meet-and-greet with fans too.
>
> Hawks blinks, then snorts at her muttering: "No sexy time then..." He doesn't ask what that means (doesn't want to know). But yeah… events like those can be fun for heroes.
>
> Aizawa stays diplomatic—no judgment. Just relief she made the responsible choice.*
>
> Mirko smirks faintly from her bed—classic Mount Lady priorities.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mount Lady sighs dramatically, flopping back onto her pillow—clearly disappointed but resigned. She stares at the ceiling, mentally mourning her canceled plans.
>
> Hawks stifles another laugh and pulls out his phone to distract himself… maybe texting someone (probably Midnight) about how ridiculous heroes can be.
>
> Aizawa leans back in his chair, eyes half-closed—not sleeping, just conserving energy. Recovery Girl's still working on the counter-serum… so they're stuck here a while longer.*
>
> The clinic hums quietly around them—sterile peace after all tonight's chaos.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The hours crawl by—night deepening outside the clinic windows. Recovery Girl works tirelessly, pausing only to check on Mirko and Mount Lady's vitals.
>
> Mount Lady eventually dozes off, her phone still loosely gripped in one hand. The adrenaline crash finally hits her.
>
> Hawks falls asleep too—head lolling against the wall beside his chair. Aizawa remains alert… but even he blinks slowly, exhaustion creeping up.*
>
> Mirko stays awake longest—staring at nothing as she processes everything that happened tonight… and what comes next with this serum mess.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The first light of dawn starts to filter through the clinic windows—soft and pale. Recovery Girl emerges from her lab at last, dark circles under her eyes but holding a small vial filled with clear liquid.
>
> Recovery Girl: Whispering "The counter-serum is ready."
>
> Aizawa sits up instantly—wide awake now. Hawks stirs slightly, rousing as well.
>
> Mirko tenses… this is it. The moment they find out if Garaki's damage can truly be undone.*
>
> Mount Lady remains asleep for now—blissfully unaware.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko sits straight up.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mirko sits bolt upright, her rainbow eyes locking onto the vial in Recovery Girl's hand. No dizziness this time—just sharp focus. She wants answers.
>
> Aizawa stands quietly to give her space… but his gaze is equally intense. This serum could fix everything—or nothing at all.
>
> Hawks fully wakes up now, rubbing sleep from his eyes as he watches Recovery Girl prepare a syringe with the clear liquid.*
>
> Recovery Girl: Gently "This might feel strange… but it shouldn't hurt." She turns to Mirko first—logically prioritizing since she was injected twice.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mirko: If it hurts, you'll just heal me. I'll be fine.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Recovery Girl nods—appreciating Mirko's blunt pragmatism. She swabs her arm with alcohol before gently inserting the syringe.
>
> The clear serum flows into Mirko's bloodstream… and for a tense second, nothing happens.
>
> Then—her rainbow eyes flicker. The swirls dim slightly… like ink dissolving in water.*
>
> Aizawa leans forward, watching closely. Is it working? Or just a temporary effect?
>
> Hawks holds his breath without realizing it.**

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The rainbow swirls in Mirko's eyes continue to fade—slowly, like a sunset reversing itself. The unnatural glow lessens… then stabilizes into something softer.
>
> Recovery Girl monitors her pulse and quirk energy levels on a small screen beside the bed—the hyperactivity is dropping!
>
> Hawks: Finally exhaling "It's working."
>
> Aizawa relaxes his shoulders just a fraction—relief washing over him. This might actually reverse Garaki's damage.
>
> Mount Lady stirs slightly in her sleep… unaware that help is coming for her next.**

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mount Lady rubs her eyes.
>
> Mount Lady: What's happening?

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mount Lady blinks awake, disoriented for a second—then her eyes land on Mirko… and the vial of counter-serum still in Recovery Girl's hand.
>
> Recovery Girl: Softly "We have a cure. Your turn."
>
> Mount Lady sits up quickly, suddenly wide awake—hope flashing across her face. She remembers everything now: Garaki's control over her… what she almost did.
>
> Hawks scoots his chair aside so Recovery Girl can reach Mount Lady easier.*
>
> Aizawa stays silent but attentive—they're one step closer to fixing this mess.*

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> Mount Lady: If it works, I can return to the interview.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mount Lady's tone is hopeful—already calculating. If the counter-serum works and clears her system, she might still make that interview… just late.
>
> Recovery Girl gives her a measured look before injecting the serum. She doesn't scold Mount Lady for being career-focused right now… but she does say: "You'll need rest afterward, even if it works."
>
> The clear liquid enters Mount Lady's arm—and like with Mirko, they wait.
>
> Hawks eyes them both… wondering how long until their quirks stabilize completely.*

EXPERIMENT MHA

> The serum takes effect almost immediately—Mount Lady's rainbow eyes begin to fade just like Mirko's did, the swirls dissolving back into their natural color.
>
> Recovery Girl checks her vitals again… and smiles slightly. The hyperactivity in her cells is normalizing too.
>
> Hawks: Relieved grin "There it is."
>
> Aizawa exhales—finally some good news after a night of chaos. Mount Lady blinks, flexing her hands… testing if she feels different.*
>
> Mount Lady: Softly "...It worked?"

PROFESOR ON THE SCEN

> She poses like she's being recorded.
>
> Mount Lady: I feel energetic again.

EXPERIMENT MHA

> Mount Lady strikes a dramatic pose—hand on hip, chin tilted up—like she's already posing for cameras again. The energy is practically radiating off her.
>
> Hawks snorts at her enthusiasm. She really does feel back to normal… maybe even more hyper than usual after the adrenaline crash earlier.
>
> Aizawa raises an eyebrow but doesn't comment—just watches as Recovery Girl double-checks everything with scans.*
>
> Recovery Girl: Nodding "Your quirk levels are stable now. No side effects."
>
> Mount Lady grins—interview time?**

EXPERIMENT MHA

Mount Lady immediately grabs her phone, checking the time—7:30 AM. The interview was supposed to start at 8:00… she's cutting it close.

She hops off the bed, already smoothing down her hero costume like she's prepping for a photoshoot.

Hawks: Standing up too "I'll drive you."

Aizawa stays seated—no need to rush. Mirko is still resting quietly, watching Mount Lady with mild amusement.*

Recovery Girl just sighs… heroes and their priorities.**

EXPERIMENT MHA

Hawks grabs his jacket and follows Mount Lady out of the clinic, both moving quickly. The car starts with a roar—Hawks taking the wheel while she checks her reflection in a compact mirror.

Recovery Girl turns to Mirko: "You're stable too… but take it easy today."

Aizawa finally stands, stretching after sitting all night. He'll check on Endeavor later… make sure Garaki's fully locked down.*

Mirko nods at Recovery Girl—no arguments here. She might not be hyper like Mount Lady right now, but she feels clear for the first time since that injection.

EXPERIMENT MHA

Hawks speeds through the morning streets—traffic is light this early. Mount Lady keeps checking her phone for updates from the event organizer, biting her lip.

Meanwhile, back at Recovery Girl's clinic… Mirko sits up properly now that she feels fully herself again. No dizziness, no weird energy surges—just normal.

Aizawa gives her a rare small smile: "You look better."

Recovery Girl hums in agreement before packing up supplies—the crisis seems resolved… for now.*